TALES OF TRUTH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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TALES OF TRUTH.

BY A LADY.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE

DUCHESS OF YORK.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

DUCHESS OF YORK.

MADAM,

THE permission you granted to me, of addressing these humble pages to your Royal Highness, adds a powerful stimulus to my heart to continue warm in the cause of virtue, and to persevere in its practice; this will be the most sincere, and, to your great mind, most acceptable proof of the gratitude,

With which I am,

Your Royal Highness's

Most obliged and obedient,

E. H.

SONNET TO GRATITUDE.

DAughter of heav'n-born feeling, ſweeteſt gueſt
That e'er the ſwelling burden'd heart can know,
Ah me! let thoſe who feel thy impulſe beſt,
Speak thy ſoft feelings to the ſounds of woe.

Thou art the ſole return, deſerted grief
And hapleſs mis'ry, gives for good beſtow'd;
Yet, when *ſincerely* felt, doſt give relief,
Elſe the preſt heart muſt ſink beneath the load.

I, who have known ſoft pity's ſoothing pow'r,
When my full ſoul has found its bitter ſigh,
Will love thee ſtill, e'en to that trying hour,
That turns to languid gleams the luſt'rous eye.
While on my ſoul the ſmiles of friendſhip glow,
Thy pureſt proof, ſweet gueſt, the lucid tear ſhall flow.

LINES

Addressed to her R. H. the Duchess of York.

PRINCESS of meeken'd dignity, thy name
Of grateful ſounds is not unknown to fame:
There are, 'tis ſaid, who heedleſs of thy ſtate,
In goodneſs loſt, forget that thou art great;
Who with a loud and eager quickneſs, tell
(So warm their feelings) that they know thee well.
For mis'ry, it ſeems, has made them be
Familiar with exalted royalty.
Since it has ſuch a benefactreſs claim'd,
It is but natural, that not aſham'd,
It has its ſorrows openly avow'd,
And thought thy bounty honor, and grown proud.

Yes, gentle gratitude muſt loud reveal,
What elſe thy chriſtian ſpirit would conceal:

Witneſs

Witneſs that ſmiling babe (its parents gone)
Who, but for thee, had pour'd the piteous moan.*
O! whilſt thy bounty ſtill'd her orphan cry,
Eternal bleſſings breath'd from yonder ſky.
Thence the kind father pours his thanks ſincere,
Thence the fond mother drops the tender tear,
Both to the throne of grace for thee pour forth a
pray'r.

Ah how my heart, that ſtill I truſt o'erflows
At the ſad hiſtory of human woes,
Throbs at the ſight of ſo much genuine worth,
Conferring luſtre on illuſtrious birth;
Thy gen'rous actions proud to hear and ſee,
I think it bliſs ſupreme to live near thee.†

* Referring to the female orphan her Royal Highneſs adopted.

† The authoreſs at this period reſided in the neighbourhood of Oatlands.

Lady, whilſt from the thrilling trump of war,
Thy laurel'd heroe's praiſes ſound afar,
The ſtill ſmall voice of gratitude will meet
Its bolder notes in melody moſt ſweet,
And like your living character combine
The grand and ſoft in Majeſty divine.

AMBITION

AMBITION

The most pitiless of all the Passions.

CIRCUMVENTION and cunning, with all the windings and intricate ramifications, are ſo natural to the human mind, that they elude, with aſtoniſhing eaſe, the great maſs of penal laws which conſtitute our criminal code; a ſyſtem, which the depraved practices of man have made neceſſary, and which furniſhes a ſtrong proof of the vicious impetuoſity of thoſe paſſions which ſuch ſtrong reins cannot ſufficiently curb.

In the headſtrong fury of their ungovernable ferocious paſſions, men will violate every moral obligation, which the precepts of morality trace out as the ſtrong lines which ought to divide the ſeparate rights of human kind. The ties of honeſty, and even decency, are thrown off and ridiculed, when they become ſhackles too tight to permit the accumulation of wealth. And if we attend to what has been called, the nobler paſſions, in the heart of man; if we attend to the progreſs of ambition, we ſhall find, that every ſoft and generous feeling, is ſacrificed at the ſhrine of this abominable, but popular idol. The urbanity of friendſhip, the ſympathetic ſigh of pity, even the rapturous throb of love, all fall before the keen and

mercileſs

merciless scythe of this all-destroying passion.

That Ambition is a pitiless passion, is evident to every man who keeps his stedfast eye on the career of those who tread the upward path to the honours of this world; and the page of history informs us, that such was too often the case in past ages, and such will it ever be, while we estimate so falsely. All the soft, the tender feelings of the heart, were, and are, immolated on the altar erected to popular encomium; and the man who "would seek the bubble reputation e'en at the cannon's mouth," would not drop the tear of regret, or bestow a thought on the miseries the attainment of that reputation may have

given to thouſands of his fellow creatures. If we examine the page of hiſtory, few we ſhall find who did not give up all to this idol man had erected. To be *great*, has ever been more the object, than to be *good*, to be admired, than to be lov'd. After the contemplation of ſuch evidence, how much is the mind relieved by adverting to the page that preſents eminent exceptions.—How does the virtuous ſoul delight to dwell on ſuch actions as the one recorded of Scipio, who dropped the rod of power, with which the chance of war had inveſted him, and with a generoſity and continence, that elevated him more than all his victories, reſtored the fair Celtiberian captive unſpotted, to the arms of the man ſhe loved.

Hiſtorians

Hiſtorians of every age and country have given deſerved encomiums to this act of ſelf-denial, and fix our admiration, by deſcribing the Roman general, as highly ſuſceptible of the tender, as well as mighty paſſions: But the ſavage nature of man is diſcernable, even in his reſearches into the actions of his ſpecies: he delights more to find, and thinks his nature more exalted, by inſtances of terrific valour, that have overturned the thrones of princes, exterminated nations, or rendered them ſlaves, than by deeds, where benevolence, that emanative ſpark of divinity, has diſpenſed its bleſſings; or where he has proved by ſome action, the power he poſſeſſes, (if he will exert it) over his impetuous paſſions.

The hero, who returns from the din of war, and tells of the thouſands rendered miſerable, or perhaps the many who fell by the vigour of his ſingle arm, will have medals ſtruck to perpetuate his deeds, triumphal arches erected for him to paſs under, and a ſhouting, but deluded multitude, to rend the air with their acclamations; and though he may have gained a greater conqueſt than any the multitude may be celebrating, conquer'd *himſelf*, it is not taken into the account, nor perhaps ever after mentioned.

If we advert to private life, we may watch the man, who from his own ſtores adminiſters to the wants of others, ſtops the ſtream of ſorrow that flows from the widow's

widow's eye, becomes a father to the fatherleſs, calls out, and encourages genius from the deep receſſes of obſcurity, ſink into oblivion, or at leaſt be conſidered (by the majority) a uſeleſs inactive being.

When will man learn to appreciate real worth in the character of his ſpecies! to eſtimate properly the fickly glare of popular acclamation, and diſtinguiſh it from the healthful feeling of an approving mind, and take the better part.

If we trace the page of hiſtory with an enquiring eye, inſtances of as decided virtue, as the one recorded of Scipio, will appear. The name of Cyrus will ever be immortal as a man, as well as a hero. It may

may be justly said, in reply, every hero had not a Mandane for a mother, nor a ——— for a tutor. We read with admiration of his conduct to the captive princess, Panthea; and while we reprobate that of Araspes, his friend, to whom he had entrusted her honour, and who thought himself invulnerable, we drop a tear of compassion o'er the frailty of human nature. These are references to popular actions, known even to those who are uninformed of every other circumstance in the lives of their actors. It cannot be improper to call from obscurity another example of virtue, where the gratification of as virtuous and ardent a passion as ever warmed the breast of a human being, was sacrificed to public good, by Titus, the

Roman

Roman emperor, and Berenice, the captive queen of Calchis, who reſigned their hopes of an union, that promiſed the moſt exquiſite happineſs, to the will of the Roman ſenate, and the peace of the Republic: And if the recital ſhould prove a ſtimulus to modern exertions, it would be a reward beyond the wealth of empires.—Hiſtorians have mentioned the circumſtance but ſlightly: Tacitus beſtows but three lines on the parting of Titus and Berenice: to collect the circumſtances and arrange them, may perhaps amuſe. Well regulated minds will read the virtues of Titus and Berenice with reverence, and their ſorrows with compaſſion, though the language in which they will be told, may not ſtand the teſt of criticiſm.

Titus

Titus had beſieged the city of Colchis, in Eutolia, which, after a ſhort reſiſtance, became a prey to the Roman legions. The horrors of war had pervaded every avenue of this devoted city, and devaſtation appeared in its moſt hideous form. Titus beheld with anguiſh the wreck of this nation: the feelings of the man overcame thoſe of the general, and whilſt he endeavoured to ſeek a moment's reſpite from ſurrounding woes, his contemplative mind led him to trace them to their ſource.—He was now under the walls of that palace, which had but a few days before been the ſcene of happineſs. He was near the vanquiſhed Berenice, queen of Calchis, whoſe nod had awed thouſands, and whoſe virtue promiſed a long ſucceſſion of happy days.

days. Thoſe expectations he had in an inſtant cruſhed; he had clouded the ſunſhine of her fate, and deſtroyed the felicity of her people. He felt and lamented the deſtructive conſequences of this fatal war: he would at that moment moſt willingly have converted his laurels into the olive branch, and ſighed that the ſtate of ſociety and civilization forbid the exchange.

"O! that I had lived," ſaid the hero, "in the age when man preyed not on man; when ſad neceſſity urged not the brave, from principles of ſelf-defence, to tread the hoſtile plain! My ſoul is torn by regret at the miſeries which victory unavoidably brings on the domeſtic ſcene! How many hearts, where humanity glows, ho-

nor

nor or true valour beats, may, by the conqueſt of this day, be rendered miſerable! How many a brave ſoul has this day fled from a gaſping wound, and left the mourning widow and fatherleſs child to the mercy of thoſe who have deprived them of their deareſt poſſeſſion! When I contemplate theſe ſad effects of victory, my heart ſighs for the plains where diſcord and her long catalogue of evils never come! but, alas! where is that envied ſpot? Man, hoſtile by habit, deſiring every thing, obtaining little; of boundleſs avarice, yet narrow capacity, not content with *real* bleſſings that every where ſurround him; he is ever complaining, ever graſping at more, 'till in the end he loſes the enjoyment of what he poſſeſſes, inſenſible that his

his ſevereſt wants would be abundance to thouſands who dare not even utter a complaint. O! ye immortal Gods! ſince in your wiſdom, which laughs at the ſcrutiny of mortal conception, ye have decreed me to tread the ſanguine path of war, *ſtill* incline me to meliorate the ſtern award of juſtice with mercy. My ſoul is towering ambitious! A city conquered—a nation made ſlaves, adds to my glory, without increaſing my happineſs! I mourn in the midſt of victory.

The hopes, the expectations that the events of this day may have overturned, are now paſſing in review before my ſoul: I ſee the widowed mother claſp her infant orphan, and, with uplifted hands, aſk

vengeance of the Gods. The orphan's tears pour down his innocent cheek; he mourns a father, who bravely fell, defending his natural rights.

A captive queen, deſcended from a long train of illuſtrious anceſtors, who thought her elevation immoveable, and that ſhe ſhould ſee no ſorrow, is now lamenting her ſad deſtiny, and, perhaps, accuſing the Gods of injuſtice. She pictures the horrors of ſlavery, and ſuppoſes herſelf at the mercy of a ſanguinary tyrant. And this is but a ſmall part of the horrors that haunt the mind of a victor whoſe ſoul is ſuſceptible of humanity. Borne on the wings of fame, ſupported by the ſtrong arm of power, like a fiery meteor, he withers

and

and deſtroys the ſweet bloſſoms of peace, and lacerates every natural affection in the breaſts of the unhappy victims to his glory. And what is this glory after which man pants? A phantom that lures to deſtroy true happineſs; that decorates the exterior with the glittering and fragile honors of this world, and leaves, too often, the ſoul deſolate of one ſelf-approving reflection! O! ye immortal Gods! whoſe award impels the actions of Titus, enable him not only to ſtop the tide of impetuous paſſion in his own heart, to protect the ſpotleſs virgin from the ferocity of man's brutal luſt—to reſcue the innocent babe from the hand that would revenge on its life the valor of its father, who bravely fell defending that freedom which nature be-

ſhowed on him as an invaluable inheritance, though power now gives dominion over the weaker:—to meliorate, as far as his duty will admit, the horrors of war, that when he returns to Rome, and as a reward for his conqueſt, receives the Romans greateſt honor, a civic crown, hears the acclaiming ſhouts of the multitude, bends on receiving the thanks of the ſenate, hears his name claſſed with a long liſt of heroes who have before carried devaſtation over the greateſt part of the world—he may retire into himſelf, and feel, that though blood marked his path, it was by the eternal laws of neceſſity, that govern man, he acted.

The

The hero bent his eye muſingly on the ground, and ſlowly paced under the walls of the palace, till his friend and general Alcander came to requeſt he would devote a few moments to the queen of Colchis, who ſolicited an interview with him. "I will attend her, my friend," ſaid the hero, "and may I have the power, as I feel the wiſh, to mitigate the reverſe of fortune this day has brought on her. Haſt thou, Alcanda, diſperſed my orders, that the citizens ſhould not be plundered?"

As Titus pronounced the laſt ſentence, a man of athletic form and intrepid countenance, where deſpair and revenge were ſtrongly marked, accoſted him thus:

"Are you the *noble Titus*, as your deſtroying legions call you?"

"I am he," ſaid the hero, in a firm voice, and dropped his armed hand, his breaſt vulnerable to the arrow's point; "then walk with me and ſee the effects of victory. Alcander," ſaid Titus, with calmneſs, "inform the queen of Colchis I attend the call of her ſubject; when he has done with me, I will await her commands, and expreſs my orders to the diviſion of Romans who ſurround the palace, not to intrude on the privacy of their royal captive, or moleſt her attendants: the firſt Roman who dares diſobey this order ſhall feel my vengeance."

Alcander

Alcander returned to the palace of the queen, and Titus followed in ſilence the citizen of Colchis. After proceeding ſome way, he ſtopped at the door of a ſmall dwelling, and paſſed into an interior apartment: the hero following him, where a ſcene preſented itſelf that melted the heart of the warrior to compaſſion, which was betrayed in his manly countenance. The citizen of Colchis regarded him for a moment with a fixed and ſtern look, and then relaxing, ſaid, "Moſt noble Titus! for ſuch I now call you, when firſt I accoſted you in ſight of the palace of my ſovereign, whom I love, I had reſolved to have tried the ſtrength of my arm, to have ſent you to the regions of darkneſs, where your legions have hurried many a brave

citizen, but when *you*, noble Titus, dropped your armed hand, and left your breaſt defenceleſs to my power, revenge changed to admiration, and I aſked you to follow me: I now ſee the dew of compaſſion floating in your eye—bleſſed ſign of retribution for Fides. On that bed," ſaid he, pointing to it, "lays the wife of my boſom, whoſe tenderneſs rewarded my labours, and whoſe ſufferings, even in this moment, when myſelf and brave fellow citizens are become captives to a Roman, would have huſhed my ſoul to peace, though they had left us nothing but the canopy of heaven for our covering; her ſoft breaſt would have ſuſtained my aching head, her tender voice calmed my indignant feelings, and I ſhould have bowed to

fate's

fate's decree without a murmur. But cold is that heart, mute that tuneful tongue, and Fides is desolate." For a moment he paused, regarding the faded countenance of his wife with a look of sullen sorrow.

Titus felt that to attempt consolation was vain, but judged that a relation of what he saw, might, by turning the thoughts of Fides to revenge, chase despair, said, "Tell me how this mournful spectacle came here, and if I can in any way mitigate your sorrows, I will."

"Revenge," said Fides, "is what I ask: while I was defending a post to the last moment, a party of Roman ruffians, who entered the city by the eastern gate, rushed

ruſhed forward, and two of them entered each humble dwelling, in ſearch of the wives and daughters of the citizens. Two entered mine—polluted the pure form of my wife, whoſe ſoul, chaſte as your famed Lucretia's, would no longer inhabit a corrupted body; and, with the fatal dagger which lies there, ſhe freed herſelf from mortal bondage, and I returned to hear her tale, and receive her laſt ſigh. That paſſed, I ſought you; and when you, noble Titus, return to Rome and tell of the deeds done, my woes will *grace* your victory!"

"Not grace it, my friend," ſaid the warrior, "in the eyes of Titus whom you *know* not. My commands to my ſoldiers

diers, before a victory, is to prove themſelves Romans, not fiends ſeeking whom they might deſtroy: let the drop that falls from the eye of a man, and diſgraces not the warrior, and the heart that now ſwells indignant in my breaſt at the perpetrators of ſuch atrocities, witneſs what I feel for you; and I offer you my hand as a pledge of my honour, that if I can diſcover *who did this*, (pointing to the bloody form of the female) they ſhall receive the puniſhment it will become Titus to inflict. Can you give me any information that may lead to a diſcovery of the villains?"

"A fellow citizen" replied Fides, "who ſaw them enter my dwelling, (but was prevented from defending my wife by a party

a party who guarded the door while their two comrades accompliſhed their helliſh purpoſe) tells me their perſons are familiar to him—that he could diſtinguiſh if he ſaw them."

"He ſhall ſee them, then;" ſaid Titus, "as ſoon as I can give the neceſſary orders, the diviſion ſhall march two by two before him, and when diſcovered ſhall be delivered to your will. And tell me, ſufferer, what further you wiſh of me; it is Titus who now holds the rod of power, but in his hands the citizens ſhall feel it the enſign of mercy, as far as mortal exertion can avail; for aught elſe they muſt implore the Gods."

"I wiſh"

"I wiſh" replied Fides, fixing his eyes on the lamented object before him, "to have protection while I give the rights of burial to theſe dear remains of all my ſoul held dear, and then what have I to do with life? In mercy," continued he, lifting his eyes upward, "may the Gods ſoon call me to traverſe the unknown regions of eternity with the pure ſpirit of her I lament." He was again ſilent, gazing with a vacant ſtare expreſſive of an abſtraction of mind from all but the ſubject before him.

Titus reſpected his ſorrows, but his great ſoul, that embraced the general calamity, was aware that profeſſions were inutile—that action was his duty, and that

while

while the ſorrows of one man engroſſed his time, the unchecked brutality of his ſoldiers might be ſpreading ſorrow in its acuteſt degree through the city of Colchis, the more early he took meaſures for the diſcovering the aggreſſors, the more ſpeedy would be the only relief he could now give Fides; he then attempted to call the mind of the ſufferer to revenge.

"My duty calls to action," ſaid the hero, "grief ſeems to have ſtifled revenge in your breaſt. Rouſe! rouſe, Fides; the fleeting ſpirit of your wife calls aloud for vengeance! It calls on Titus; I go to obey its will; and tell me, when the miſcreants are taken, how ſhall they be

diſpoſed

diſpoſed of? To your will I deliver them."

Fides caſt a languid look at the conqueror, and, in an impreſſive tone, ſaid, "I conſign them to the juſtice of Titus: eaſe the wandering ſpirit of the dead; the Gods will reward you. Fides is loſt—the ſpring that held him to life is ſnapt—the man is ſunk into the weeping ſufferer: and ſince the weakneſs of temporal ſorrow has deſtroyed the energies that diſtinguiſh the man, he is no longer worthy life. Titus, I feel I merited not the treaſure I poſſeſſed: the Gods have ſuffered me to be deprived of it. But ah! ye powers who guard the juſt! could ye not puniſh me without degrading her, whoſe ſoul,

pure

pure as the babe on whom the ſun ne'er ſhed its genial ray, was your ſincere votary?"

"Fides," ſaid Titus, "reſpect the will of the Gods, whoſe ways, though inſcrutable to mortal perception, are juſt. Well thou knoweſt no force can reſiſt, no flight can ſave—virtue and vice alike yield to their invincible fiat!" The warrior again looked on the cold form of the wife of the citizen, raiſed his eyes to heaven, as if pledging himſelf to revenge her death; offered his hand to Fides as a ſeal to his engagement, and repaired, with his attendants, to his tent; when there, he inſtantly diſpatched meſſengers to aſſemble his officers to repair to him inſtantly. He then

then related to them the ſufferings of the citizens; aſſigned them all different diviſions of the city where they were to inſpect into the treatment the citizens had received; and where atrocities had been committed, to redreſs, as far as human means could, the evils they had endured. To Alcander, his deareſt friend, he reſerved the office of protecting Fides. Titus had left a guard round his houſe when he quitted him, and he now requeſted Alcander would repair to the ſufferer, and deſire he would lead him to the citizen who knew the perſons of the aggreſſors, and arrange, with him, in what way that part of the army to which he ſuppoſed they belonged ſhould paſs before him, that he might point out the men.

"O! Alcander," ſaid the hero, "to what is the warrior doomed but to the contemplation of ſorrows which he cannot heal, and hard deſtiny on the miſeries of his fellow creatures to build his fame! My honour is this day wounded by the conduct of my ſoldiers: Who is there, Alcander, in whoſe ſoul virtue beams, but moans the depravity of his ſpecies? Truly did the admirable Mandane tell her ſon, 'that when the Gods wiſhed to puniſh man, they delivered him over to his will.'

"As thou, Titus, weareſt the ſhield of honour in thy own breaſt; turn thy eye inward, and be appeaſed: ſtill lament that man is corrupt, but let it not weaken thy confi-

confidence in thyſelf, nor darken the ſun of virtue within."

"I thank thee, Alcander," replied the hero, "for thy admonition; and now proceed thou to the dwelling of Fides, do all that man can do to aſſuage his grief, which was moody; his mind ſeemed meditating a deed of awful import: meanwhile, I will attend the Queen of Colchis, who, ere this, has perhaps condemned Titus in the conduct of his ſoldiers."

"No," replied Alcander, "Berenice is juſt—ſhe *knows* the conqueror, and let Titus beware—Alcander counſels him to guard the amorous avenues to his heart,

that Berenice, as *now*, may ever reverence the character of Titus."

Saying this, the friends parted: the hero felt an unwillingneſs to appear before the Queen of Colchis. He pictured a woman, indignant at captivity, ſcorning her conqueror: Titus judged of her from his obſervation on others, where indignation in the conquered ſprang from the privation of *power*, as it adminiſtered to the gratification of ſelf. Not ſo, Berenice, born a queen, and educated in all the ſplendor and luxury of an eaſtern court, which allowed uncontrouled indulgence of ſenſual gratification, ſhe had preſerved the ſweet ſimplicity of nature in her heart. Her mind was ſtrong and cultivated; ſhe ſtripped mortal

mortal events of their externals, and viewed them as they were, neither decorated by the deluſive charms of fancy, nor ſhaded by the gloom of deſpondency: her ſteady mind was prepared to endure a change of fortune, without deſcending to the weakneſs of lamentation, or the murmurs of impiety: ſhe regarded mortal events as regulated by the Gods, bowed to their decrees with quiet acquieſcence, conſidering it a duty moſt pleaſing to them, and moſt likely to appeaſe their wrath. Neither attached to the ſplendor of a crown, or the power it imparted, ſhe felt not its privation in her own perſon—for her people ſhe ſuffered: their happineſs, ſince ſeated on the throne of her father, had been the

fondeſt object of her care; her ear had been ever open to their complaints, her head and hands employed in redreſſing them: ſhe now knew they were become ſubject to a people, whoſe ancient virtue was drowned in the intoxication of ſucceſs, and the bitterneſs of ſorrow was her's.

The figure and movements of Berenice had the grace and dignity of majeſty; her countenance the mildneſs of virtue. But when the ſubjugation and oppreſſion of her people was her ſubject, indignation flaſhed from her intelligent eye; ſhe excited reverence—you felt ſhe was a heroine, and feared her. On the contrary, when their eaſe, their happineſs, was ſpoken of, and her

her office was to ſolicit indulgence for them, ſhe looked like the angel of pity, ſupplicating at the throne of mercy.

How ſurpriſed did our hero feel on beholding Berenice, as he entered her apartment, gracefully bend, and thus, in a voice of ſweetneſs, addreſs him:

"Moſt noble Titus, in me you behold Berenice, once Queen of Colchis, whom the chance of war has given to your power, deſcended from a long train of illuſtrious anceſtors—I bend not to the conqueror. The ſame chance that has placed the rod in a Roman hand, may deprive him of it; and the tottering ſuperſtructure of fame, which the Roman legions have

reared by their conquests, may be overturned in an instant. Since thus evanescent are the honours of this world, I never made a false estimate of their value; I bow not to *them*, but to the virtues of Titus, as evinced in his soliloque under the walls of this palace, when he mourned the fate of the conquered, and the necessity of his conquering. I thus lowly bend. I can appreciate and acknowledge virtue, even in an enemy."

She then sunk on her knee—pressed her hands against her beauteous breast, and regarded the hero with a timid look of tender approbation.

Thus

Titus for a moment gazed on Berenice with marks of ardent admiration, and the warrior ſeemed loſt in the man.

"Riſe, beauteous princeſs," ſaid he, reſpectfully taking her hand; "Titus has obeyed your call, that he may know how he can teſtify his reſpect for the Queen of Colchis. It is true, the fortune of war has this day given to the Romans your city; but think not, beauteous princeſs, tyrants only conquer. Titus can, from the deepeſt receſs of his ſoul, exclaim,

"*Homo ſum, humani nil a me alienum puto*—"

and to mitigate, as far as his duty to his country will allow, the conſequences of

* I am a man, and feel for the ſorrows of all humanity.

victory

victory to the individual, has ever been the firſt impulſe of his mind after conqueſt. Finite power is limited; man will not always be reſtrained by man. Impart freely your commands, fair Berenice; Titus feels he ſhall obey, aſſured nothing will be requeſted but honour may accede to, for Berenice is a queen, and loves her country, and would deſpiſe Titus if he were capable of betraying the truſt repoſed in him by his ——————."

"You have judged well," ſaid Berenice, "I love not treaſon, and deſpiſe the traitor; but I love mercy, and reverence the merciful. *Titus* is not a man of words, but actions: I aſk, then, no more than the practice of thoſe ſentiments that fell from

from his lips this morning, unconſcious they were heard: the Gods, to ſuch a prayer, will be propitious. Titus muſt remember what his ſoul breathed under the walls of this palace, and he will not be a traitor to the virtue of his heart. Even now, Titus, your licentious ſoldiers are carrying devaſtation through my once happy city. Go, prove your power—protect the ſpotleſs virgin—reſcue the innocent babe! O, ſave my people! Let not the once happy dwelling, where domeſtic comfort ſmiled, and the father bleſſed his offspring, and looked forward, with the pride of nature, to the hour when he would be a good citizen, and a valiant man, become the haunt of murderers, as it is the widow's ſorrowing place.

"Go, Titus, do this, and Berenice will own you a conqueror that merits victory! Yet, if nought but rapine and murder will content them, let them change their object—open my gates to them. Great are my poſſeſſions; freely will I ſubmit them as their ſpoil, though your generoſity has promiſed to protect them for my uſe: or if murder is their delight, ſend them hither—let them pierce the breaſt of Berenice—ſhe will bare it to the arrow's point, *if* they will ſpare her people. I detain you, noble Titus—ſorrow is prolix! Woe, ſuch as fills my heart, deſtroys worldly diſtinctions, and mocks the feeble power of eloquence—facts will ſtimulate Titus."

"I go,

I go, fair Berenice, and receive my honour, (the poſſeſſion of which is dearer to me than my life) that my power ſhall be exerted for the protection of the citizens; and am proud to ſay, that ere my eyes dwelt on the beauties of Berenice, or my ear heard the virtuous ſentiments of her heart, I had, from principles of humanity, the exerciſe of which is the ſolace of the brave, taken every precaution human wiſdom could deviſe, to reſtore peace to the city, and the moſt ſevere puniſhment ſhall follow a breach of the faith I now, for my ſoldiers, pledge to Berenice. But, ere I leave you, fair princeſs, ſay, with your free will, if I may again be allowed to viſit you? Without permiſſion I will not—intruſion is oppreſſion. The impreſſion of this

this hour will be indelible on the heart of Titus."

"I accord to your requeſt;" ſaid Berenice, "Titus will not intrude."

When the energy of ſorrow that the ſufferings of her ſubjects had excited, was ſoftened by the aſſurance Titus gave of protecting them, and the hero abſent, Berenice felt that a ſentiment more tender than admiration, had inſinuated itſelf into her heart. She examined her feelings—felt the triumph of paſſion—ſhe feared ſhe was wrong, and her mind pauſed in painful ſuſpence.

When the judgment is in doubt how to decide on the feelings of the heart, happy,

thrice

thrice happy is that female who can aſk the counſel of virtuous friendſhip! The mind is led, by communication, to examine, collect, diſcriminate, and more likely to decide as propriety directs. But let it be underſtood, that by the expreſſion FRIEND, I ſpeak not of ſuch connexions as modern females, by way of compoſition with morals, are induced to aſcribe that elevated title to: nor do I define it to be that tie only between individuals which obliges them to ſerve each other as far as poſſible, as this appears to be nothing more than the tie of humanity, by which all our fellow creatures have a right to demand ſuch ſervice.

Epicurus,

Epicurus, in his morals, prefers friendſhip before any other virtue: St. Evremand ſays, *juſtice* is only a moral, eſtabliſhed for the convenience of human ſociety; it is the work of man, whereas *friendſhip* is the work of nature.

But friendſhip! were I to ſay what I think thou impliеſt, I ſhould declare thee to be an eſteem, born of merit, approved by reaſon and virtue, and warmed by the glow of affection: of a principle ſo abſtracted from ſelf as to prefer the happineſs and advantage of the being to whom we have given the name of friend, to every ſelfiſh conſideration—ſuch an abſolute and perfect union of minds as if the ſame intuitive principle actuated the different bodies,

dies, and that nothing but the intercepting clog of matter oppoſed them (if the expreſſion be allowable) from mixing with each other.

If thou art thus poſſeſſed, thou art friendſhip, the ſovereign balm "which not only medicates the cup of life, but gives it ſalubrity and ſweetneſs." Without thee, life boaſts little that can raiſe a wiſh for its continuance!

The energy of the female character, at this period, was favourable to the warmth of friendſhip.

Berenice had a *friend*; Irene was her name: their attachment had grown with

their growth, and ſtrengthened with their ſtrength. They had been bred together at the court of Colchis; their pleaſures had been reciprocal; their purſuits ſimilar. Irene had been left an orphan at an early age—her father fell in war—her mother ſunk under the loſs of him. There are minds, that by the aid of philoſophy, can "ſhake off the incumbrances of fortune, as dew drops from the lion's mane." The heart, as it were, ſprings to the endurance, but when the affections are wounded, ſink; which proves the heart is weaker than the mind: ſo it was with the mother of Irene. The mother of Berenice *then* lived, and adopted Irene: there was an inexpreſſible attraction in her perſon and manner—ſhe formed a pleaſing variety

with

with her friend; and, while the dignity of the queen reſtrained the great vivacity of Irene, the *naivette* of Irene prevented the ſerioufneſs of Berenice from degenerating into dulneſs, their different characters threw light on each other, and aſſiſted to form an union that the fluctuation of time or circumſtance could not weaken.

As Berenice was revolving, in thought, over the feelings of the laſt hour, Irene entered the apartment. She had been engaged in ſome office of tenderneſs to a wounded ſervant of the queen's, during the viſit of Titus, and was uninformed of the conſequence of the interview.

The countenance of Berenice, which was more than usually pensive when Irene entered, urged an immediate enquiry for the cause; and, with a look of apprehensive tenderness, she said:

"Is the conqueror a tyrant, my friend? Was the soliloquy this morning an *ignis fatuus*, purposely held out to deceive? O! tell me, my friend; why is the tear in your eye! Are the people of Colchis to become victims to satisfy a bloody tyrant's ambition?"

"No, Irene, the tear that fills my eye is the tear of remorse; the first that ever Berenice shed from such a source. Irene, thou wilt

wilt ſoon deſpiſe her whoſe friendſhip is no longer worthy thy participation."

"Let me judge for myſelf," ſaid Irene. "Why doth Berenice, who ever, with the celerity of affection, confided her feelings to her friend, now refrain? Whatever may be the claim it has, painful diſcovery ſuperſeded friendſhip in the breaſt of Berenice!"

"Thou knoweſt not the preſent pain of a heart that ſtill beats at friendſhip's call, and who, rather than break its law, is going to ſubject herſelf to the chance of forfeiting that affection, which, in the plenitude of fortune, increaſed her joys, as in its decline it leſſens her ſorrows. Irene,

aſſiſt me to recover the ſummit of ſelf-approbation from which I am verging—thy chaſtening voice will recall me. Thou knoweſt, my friend, that long ere the ambitious Romans meditated the deſtruction of a crown, which, with that of Lyſanium, they awarded to my father, the character of Titus was oft the ſubject of our converſe: his judgment in counſel—his valour in the field—his generoſity and mercy after conqueſt, our admiration."

"Well I remember it," replied Irene; "and, when reaſon had given due credit to his virtues, paſſion took the reins, and we pourtrayed him in perſon as admirable as in character great. Nay, further, we ſtopped not till we had compleated the picture.

picture. We made him ſuſceptible of the tender, as well as mighty paſſions, and, after we had thus done, we pictured a female, to whom beauty and youth gave charms, whoſe ſoul was virtuous, whoſe mind was ſtrong, (for Titus could not love weakneſs;) her manners captivating —her heart receptive of all the ſoft, the liberal, the delicate feelings of honour and humanity. Such a maid as Titus ought to love. We then ſuppoſed them attracted to each other by the impelling principle of admiration for virtue; and, on her affection we made the hero repoſe all the turmoil of war. And do you not remember, Berenice, that, in imagination, we entered his tent—ſaw the fair one liſt her eye to him with reverence as he entered,

while the lucid beam emitted from it filled the hero's heart with the ſoft rapture of virtuous paſſion."

"Stop, Irene," ſaid the queen, "I am now ſenſible thou haſt aſſiſted to prepare my heart for the reception of what fills it. Pictures ſuch as theſe, by opening the tender avenues of ſenſibility, weaken the power of reaſon, and too often rectitude of thought becomes the victim, and then, how narrow the paſſage to action! O! citizens of Colchis, what would your king, the great Agrippa ſay, could he be conſcious that his daughter, your queen, the deſcendant of the great Mariamne, loved the enſlaver of her people?

"But,

"But, Irene, it is not Titus, it is virtue of which Berenice is enamoured. My ſoul was formed to admire the ſublime in character! Had the ſame ſentiments fallen from the mouth of another, they would have excited equal admiration. From my earlieſt years I joyed in the recital of mighty deeds; and is it an error to pay tribute to virtue in an enemy? Thou knoweſt when the Prince Aſtolphus proffered me his hand, though nature had diſtinguiſhed him in perſon, and fortune loaded him with gifts, I rejected his offer: His ſoul was abject; for his purſuits were contemptible—our hearts would never have united: Though to form an attachment of *love* or friendſhip, perfect ſimilarity of character is not neceſſary, nay, ſome diverſity

may

may assist to knit the knot of affection still stronger; yet the basis must be the same, and that basis *must be* virtue.

"How often, my dear Irene, hast thou and I wished, that a cottage, with love and peace, had been our allotment, instead of the splendour of a court, on which anxiety, deceit and uncertainty, are sure attendants."

"Yes, my friend, I well remember it; and on the eve of that day you gave your final rejection to the suit of Prince Astol phus, you thus continued: 'I feel a freedom, Irene, since I gave my firm resolve to the prince: My mind is now free to sport through the fairy land of imagination,

and

and there I pourtray the man with whom my heart will like to assimulate, and wish if I am doomed to feel the power of love, the inspirer may appreciate the virtues and charms of Irene; for not even love shall break the tie of tenderness that now unites us.'

"Thus flatteringly you spoke, and truly have the gods accorded to your wish.—Irene feels the soft influence, and from Alcander, the friend of Titus, the inspiration came. When this morning he attended you with assurances from Titus of honourable treatment for yourself and suit, and protection for your subjects; to impress the hope he wished to inspire, he told of the past deeds of his friend and general,

an-

and as his ſubject roſe to its full compaſs, his ſoul ſeemed to riſe with it, and ſhone in his countenance, indicative that he partitipated in the virtue he deſcribed. My heart was impelled to admiration. The paſs in a female mind is ſhort and eaſy to love: He is the friend of Titus, and muſt be virtuous; for who can live in the contemplation of goodneſs, and be inert in its practice. Titus will feel the influence of thy charms embelliſhed by thy virtues,—'conferring luſtre on illuſtrious birth.'

"Well thou knoweſt, Berenice, that to the decrees of fate the mightieſt bow, and its award is as immoveable as its diſpenſations are inſcrutable; receive the events of the preſent time as from its hand, and

and await with ſubmiſſion the reſult, confident that whatever that may be, it will be right."

"Speciouſly thou argueſt, my friend," replied Berenice; "but reaſon ſtrips thy words of the blandiſhments of affection, and I view myſelf as I really am—a weak woman yielding to the influence of paſſion. True, Irene, from the gods we receive good and evil: they have endowed us with paſſions, but they have given us reaſon to temper and guide them. They permit thouſands of moral evils to exiſt, that we may do ſomething to deſerve eternal happineſs, by ſhewing we had rectitude to avoid them: Where is the virtue without ſacrifice?

"It

"I feel my heart attracted by an influence the moſt enchanting, to Titus; but I alſo feel, that the Romans, whoſe leader he is, are about to enſlave my people, the nation whom I adore. By ſuffering paſſion thus to lead me, I yield to the temptation thrown in my path; it may be to try the ſtrength of my reſiſtance."

"In thy condemnation thou condemneſt Irene; her weaker mind revolts not: I yield to its facinating influence o'er my ſoul, and repoſe on it as a ſolace.

"It is true, in intereſting language, you preſent the ſage directreſs Reaſon to my attention: I accept her at your hand; venerate her as the cauſe of your ſuperiority

ſuperiority over me; but whether ſhe doubts my ſincerity, or conſiders my efforts weak, I know not; but even in the moment I mean to preſs her to my ſervice, ſhe eludes my graſp, and leaves this new ſenſation triumphant."

At this moment the queen was informed that Titus and his general Alcandar were waiting, in an outer apartment, her permiſſion to attend her. The heart of Bernice beat high; but ſhe commanded herſelf, and directed they might be admitted.

Irene, who was more a woman than a heroine, had almoſt anteceded the queen's order for their admiſſion.

Titus

Titus told the queen that the citizens were at peace; that punishment had been dispensed with all the justice in his power, and he wished to know how further he could convince her, that though the city of Colchis was become subject to the will of the Romans, its future advantage should be his care: That as soon as he had arranged his army, his duty called him to Rome: he had been nominated general of the legions destined to quell a rebellion in the North; "and may I hope," continued Titus, "that the Queen of Colchis will receive my honour, that I will conduct her there, and fix her future accommodation, as consistent with her dignity and happiness, as the nature of my situation will allow."

"Resistance

"Reſiſtance is vain," ſaid Berenice;—"a patient ſubmiſſion to the will of fate my duty. Its diſpenſations, however myſterious, ſhould be reſpected by weak mortals, and the ſevereſt ſtorm of fate demands ſubmiſſion inſtead of reproach; and thus to be taken from the boſom of happineſs, ſurrounded by the affectionate regard of my people, whom I love, is as ſevere a ſorrow as the heart of a mortal can endure.

"It is not for myſelf I feel, Titus; the heart of Berenice is formed for endurance, when its conſequences are confined to herſelf; but reflected ſorrow ſhakes her reſolution. I receive your promiſe of guarding Colchis; and as the preſence of

Berenice is neceſſary to adorn your triumph, all I aſk is the company of my friend Irene, and a few faithful attendants, and that no intruſion on my privacy may be ſuffered. Time, the pacifier of all woe, the qualifier of all diſappointment, will meliorate the ſorrows of this hour."

"You have anticipated my intentions, fair princeſs," ſaid Titus; "my heart feels the virtues of Berenice—my ſenſes her beauty: ſhe need not fear an acquieſcence with her wiſhes."

Titus now took the hand of the queen: "I ſwear," ſaid he, "by the immortal Gods, that the honour of the Queen of Colchis ſhall be the peculiar care of Titus!

—No!

—No! virtuous princeſs, I lead you not to Rome in *triumph*, for in the heart of Titus, you reign triumphant!"

The cryſtal drops ruſhed into the eyes of Berenice, which were bent on the ground, fearful of meeting thoſe of Titus. Hope ſprang into the heart of the hero—he felt a paſſion for the queen more pure than any the ſex had before inſpired him with.

The only immoral trait in the character of Titus, was in his ſentiments of a paſſion which ſeems, by the benevolent diſpoſer of good, to have been deſigned originally to ſooth us in our paſſage through the rugged path of life; but, alas! that, with

many other natural emotions of the heart, is wreſted from its original purpoſe, and we give the name of love to a paſſion leſs noble.

Titus, like many others of his ſex, was more immoral from want of reflection, than want of principle. Doomed to tread the path to which ambition pointed, where every tender feeling of the ſoul is checked as ſoon as it riſes, he had been uſed to conſider his indulgencies with the ſex as bloſſoms of pleaſure, ſtrewed in his path for him to pick up, indulge his ſenſes with their fragrance, and then caſt them from him, forgetting that he had robbed them of thoſe chaſte beauties that alone rendered them valuable; and as their ſweets were loſt,

they

they would be caſt among the corrupt. Endowed with impetuous paſſions—placed in an elevated ſituation that gave power, with him to deſire was to obtain. *Wit* and beauty were his divinities, and rendered his domeſtic ſcenes alluring, but immoral.

We are all more attracted by the brilliant, than the uſeful qualifications of our ſpecies: our paſſions are traitors to our hearts; and imagination, which is the child of paſſion, aſſiſts to deceive us, and ſends us wandering from the plain road that leads to real happineſs, into one that is too often that of bitterneſs.

The love that now animated the heart of Titus, poſſeſſed all its natural and en-

chanting feelings—a tender anxiety for the honour of its object was its principle. Its higheſt pleaſures were reflected from the happineſs of the beloved; every tender perception of the mind was quickened by it, and thoſe amiabilities were made ellicit that lay dormant in the warrior. His character received additional beauty—we ſtill admired the general, but we loved the man; and ſuch will ever be the effect of a virtuous paſſion.

"A lover" ſays Plato, "is full of a divinity that acts within him; there is no accompliſhment, no virtue, no heroiſm which he is not capable of attaining while in this ſtate of inſpiration."

From

From the moment Titus left the queen, he had been employed in acts of humanity. Thoſe who had ſuffered from the ſiege were relieved; the torrent of Roman licentiouſneſs ſtopped, and the city of Colchis felt the returning calmneſs of peace.

The influence of Titus over his legions had been obtained by juſtice; his rewards were judiciouſly diſpoſed, and excited emulation to merit them as an honour, more than the individual advantage that was attached to them. His inferior officers revered and admired him as their general, and loved him as their *friend*; his ear was open to their complaints: he did not ſit enveloped in the myſtic garb of reſerve to receive them, nor did he decide in the

deep

deep toned voice of ſeverity, when to *puniſh* his duty obliged him; but as man to man, each endowed with an intellectual nature.

"You have erred," ſaid he to an officer who had infringed a martial law; "it is my duty to commit you to the puniſhment my country has awarded to your fault. I feel the *neceſſity* a misfortune; but you are a brave man, and will ſubmit with a conviction, it is juſt that your country demand it of you as a reparation. I am *now* your *judge*; you *may* make me your *friend*.

A Roman preſent expreſſed his admiration at his conduct. "Alas!" ſaid the hero, "none feels the frailty of human nature

nature more than Titus; and that I feel in myſelf, I can allow for in another. My rank puts me beyond the temptation that man could not reſiſt—it may be I ſhould ſo have acted had ſuch been my ſituation."

In the courſe of his reſearches through the city, he had, with his friend Alcander, viſited the dwelling of Fides. The tender object of his ſorrow had received the rites of burial according to his wiſh; and now Titus found him ſitting on the ſpot his wife had been removed from, in that ſilent compoſure which ſucceeds grief, when it knows its moſt painful taſk to be ended, and begins to be meliorated by returning reaſon.

Titus

Titus addreſſed him in a voice of kindneſs—told him he was ſoon going to Rome—that he wiſhed to propoſe his accompanying him thither, and that he would intereſt himſelf with the queen to admit him in her ſuit: that he ſaw Fides was a man whoſe mind ſoared above the weakneſs of complaint at inevitable ills which give defiance to ſtruggling.

"I am *your's*," ſaid Fides, "ready to follow where you lead. To Titus I may ſay thus far, for he will not aſk me to lift my hand againſt the land that has nurtured me—that has been the ſweet abode of my happineſs."

Titus

Titus desired him to follow to the palace of the queen; and he was waiting without, when we left the hero.

As soon as Berenice had made known the arrangement, she wished for her journey to Rome, Titus related the incident that has been told of Fides—and the proposal he had ventured to make of his being admitted to her suit. The heart of the queen rose indignant at the relation of the Roman licentiousness; the sensibilities of the woman melted into compassion for sorrows that were beyond her power of relieving.

Alas!

"Alas! Titus, what is man when given up to the government of his paſſions! Beneath the reptile he cruſhes under his feet—more brutal than the brute he holds in ſubjection, by that pre-eminence of mind, which he diſgraces by ſuch conduct!——I thank you, Titus, for your tenderneſs to my ſubject; and be aſſured the Gods look down with more complacency on ſuch acts, than on the moſt ſplendid victories.

"O! ye immortal powers," continued the queen, "why do weak mortals thus delight in the diſtruction of their ſpecies? Why contend for what is ſo evaneſcent as the honors and poſſeſſions of this world? For reaſons, beyond the limited

preception

perception of man, ye gave me royal birth, and in the revolutions of time placed me on the throne of Colchis; and had it been your will to have continued me reigning, as I truſt I did, in the hearts of my people, my ambition ſhould have been bounded by their natural rights; no tyrannical innovation on the rights of another ſhould have marked my reign; but ye have decreed otherwiſe, and I ſubmit."

While Berenice was thus ſpeaking, her attitude and look denoted a total abſtraction from all, but the ſufferings of her people.—Titus was forgotten.—She pauſed in mournful ſilence, a few moments—

then

then reminiſcence returned; and, with an accent of ſorrow, ſhe aſked to ſee Fides.

Titus had meditated her with increaſed admiration; Irene and Alcander who alſo had been attentive to the ſorrows of Berenice, drew near. Irene propoſed deferring his admiſſion while her mind was ſo diſtreſſed, aſſuring her, ſhe would ſee him diſpoſed of in the palace as ſhe might direct.

"Irene," ſaid Barenice, collecting all the firmneſs of her mind into her countenance, "doſt thou counſel thy friend ſelfiſhly to conſider herſelf, when an exertion would ſoothe the woes of another? Shall

Shall a queen be inert when a ſubject's ſorrows can be leſſened?—I will ſee Fides, and if to follow me will meliorate his fate, he ſhall, with the permiſſion of our conqueror, live in bodily eaſe—mental comfort muſt *now* be diſpenſed by the Gods."

"You are at full liberty, fair princeſs," ſaid Titus, "to diſpoſe of my power. The ſorrows of Fides, and the fair name he has attained among his fellow citizens, makes him a ſubject worthy the cares of Berenice and Titus; and as in this moment, I have ventured to blend my name with yours, let the guſh of tenderneſs, that now mingles with the reſpect I

feel,

feel, be pardoned its expreſſion, if I preſume to ſay, that if a hope that when my faith hath been tried by my actions, I ſhould be thought worthy of claiming a right to huſh the ſoul of Berenice to peace, with the tenderneſs of a huſband, the rough path I am now doomed to tread would then be ſtrewed with roſes; and when the toils of the warrior were allowed a ceſſation, what a reward for harraſſing days, and anxious nights; the fate of a ſoldier would be mine, in paſſing the few moments my duty would ſpare me, in the ſociety of her whom next to the Gods, and Veſpaſian, I ſerve. To hear her approve my conduct in the duties of the day, would animate my virtue for

the

the action of the morrow; and the Romans would then blend with my acknowledged valour, the virtues of the man.

"Let not, illuſtrious fair one, the confeſſion which admiration has compelled me to make, offend you—the tide of tenderneſs in my ſoul broke the bounds I had proſcribed it.

"And can you wonder, fair Berenice," ſaid he, taking her hand, "that I am thus impreſſed, when every ſentence you utter, every action you perform, has the dignity of virtue, the tenderneſs of humanity, and the luſtre of beauty."

Berenice now knows the power ſhe has over the future happineſs of Titus. A tear fell from the eye of the queen—Titus perceived reſentment was not the ſpring from which it flowed, hope of a return to his honourable and ardent paſſion animated and gladdened his heart.

After a ſhort pauſe, "From any but Titus," ſaid the queen, "*at this moment* I ſhould feel the profeſſion of love an inſult, but of him I hope better. There are ſouls who are more attracted to their ſpecies in their ſetting, than their riſing fortunes, and who, perhaps, from never feeling the mutuability of fortune in their own ſoul, are induced to eſtimate the bearing

ing it with firmneſs, a greater merit than it is, and value the character higher than it merits. Such may be the caſe with you, Titus; and when the energy that now ſupports Berenice is weakened, by the certainty of leaving her ſubjects unprotected by Titus, to the mercy of thoſe who have proved they are capable of ſuch atrócities as the wife of Fides ſuffered; the nerve of fortitude may become inert, and the love of Titus ceaſe. For the evaneſcent beauties of the form make but ſlight impreſſion, when the character of the woman weakens.

"It is true, Titus, your valour, your wiſdom, your humanity, have often been the ſubject of my meditation, and admira-

tion.— I appreciate all your virtues, view them through the temperate medium of impartiality, and there they riſe to the plenitude of humanity; and as I have ſaid thus far, I will be ſuperior to the meanneſs of diſguiſe, or myſterioufneſs of reſerve, and own if you were not the General of the Romans, who are about to enſlave Colchis, I could *love* you.—Could make you the *arbiter* of my future happineſs.— But ſince our allotment is ſuch—ſolicit with me the Gods to keep ſtedfaſt my mind to my duty, that I may not blot the fair impreſſion of a life that has juſt compleated five luſtres."

As ſhe finiſhed the laſt ſentence, ſhe bent gracefully to Titus, and before he had

had time to reply, paſſed with Irene into an inner apartment; and then ſent her friend to requeſt the hero would pardon her abrupt departure, and that the next morning ſhe would be ready to receive him.—In a few minutes ſhe deſired Fides might be admitted.—The citizen entered.

"My friend," ſaid the queen, as he was going to kneel on entering the apartment, "*Sorrow* makes us equals, conſider me your *friend*.—No longer your ſovereign, I feel for your woes; they are ſuch as time I hope will meliorate.

"*Reaſon* is the moſt ſucceſsful curb of impetuous ſorrow—that cure we poſſeſs

within us. Let us look forward, and by calm reſignation prove that our dependance is built on the rock of virtue, and the Gods will reward us.—Retroſpection is vain."

"My murmurs are at an end," ſaid Fides, "continued happineſs is not the lot of mortals.—I have taſted of as exquiſite as man could táſte; the agony that has ſucceeded has taught me its value. The Roman general has reconciled me to mankind!"

"Your manner," ſaid Berenice, "beſpeaks a rank beyond your appearance.—From whom are you deſcended?"

"I boaſt

"I boaſt of no deſcent but that of nature, my ſovereign. My father fell in the wars of your anceſtors, and happy ſhould I have eſteemed myſelf, if it had been my deſtiny, to have given up my life in the defence of their illuſtrious deſcendant. The little that the revolutions of fortune had left me, I enjoyed in peace and honour; it was the earnings of virtuous induſtry. Beyond the limits of our portion our wiſhes never wandered. The requiſites for temporal comfort, when the mind is pure, are few; and he that ſeeks beyond them is unwiſe.

"When I ſat down by the ſide of her, whom more than ſavage barbarity has torn from me, and eat my temporate meal,

in my humble dwelling, I felt an exhilliration of heart, which love and content alone can give; and which the peasant, perhaps, enjoys more perfectly than his prince. If his heart be pure, he is exempt from envy, and a long train of tumultuous feelings, that ambition is heir to. But the joys of Fides are passed away! He stands alone, like a tree in the desart."

"We will talk no more of the past," said Berenice, "it will not contribute to the happiness of either. You interest me, Fides; repose yourself in the palace.—Titus has engaged to protect you in my suit.—Retire, my friend; and in your prayers, remember Berenice."

"The

"The Gods protect my ſovereign," ſaid Fides, and withdrew.

"Alas! Irene," ſaid the queen, when they were alone, "what a compleat machine is the human mind; how quickly is the ſyſtem of uniformity deſtroyed; what a chaos does it become when reaſon ceaſes to guide the ſpring of action! What an almoſt infinity of knowledge of myſelf have theſe laſt few days given me. I feel as if my frame were the abode of two diſtinct ſpirits."

The dignity and heroic mind of the queen, unwilling to be ſubdued, trying to repell the ſoft touches of humanity that yields, animating the one; the melting tenderneſs

tenderneſs of the maid, the action of the other.

" But though I feel this diſunion in my ſoul, virtue is the baſe of all; no wandering idea leads me from the great end of my exiſtence. I hold virtue in my eye as its only object, my heart eſteems and affects it as my only good. Its nature is, I truſt, one with my nature; thus revering it, is it an error, let me aſk once more, to be attracted by it in another? The ſame benevolent diſpenſer *who* planted in my heart the ſeeds of virtue, *who* is nouriſhing them to bloſſom, implanted alſo this diſſolving tenderneſs in my ſoul. He has placed an object before me equal to the full of what my imagination,

tion, aided by thy lively fancy, had ever pourtrayed.

" A ſympathy exiſts between us; the heart of the queen of Colchis feels for her people; but the heart of Berenice loves Titus. The natural ſincerity of my ſoul dictated my reply to his profeſſions this morn; diſguiſe is a garb too degrading for Berenice to put on; when once it is ſubmitted to, it is apt to fit itſelf to the ſubject it envelopes.

" Counſel me, my friend, for my heart is irreſolute; how ſhall I meet the hero? How ſhall I hear his repeated profeſſions without yielding, when the tenderneſs of my ſoul is ſtruggling for freedom to expreſs

expreſs itſelf? I have been, my dear Irene, a philoſpher in precept, a woman in example! When will this mental tumult ceaſe?"

"We muſt all ſubmit to the ſupremacy of neceſſity," ſaid Irene, "and when we know that events are not the effect of chance, but under the direction of divinity, the univerſal good is ſubmiſſion. I am not, it's true, placed in ſo critical a ſituation.—I am not bound by the ſhackles of royalty; and no more is expected of me than of frail femality.—I love my country, and if it had been the will of fate, ſhould have prefered ſeeing it enjoy peace and proſperity, under my dear Berenice, repoſing myſelf in the ſoft

ſhade

ſhade of her protection; but ſince it is otherwiſe decreed, I ſubmit, and am thankful to the gods for the good they offer me, in the love and protection of Alcander, the friend of Titus. If reaſon is againſt me, it is becauſe I cannot lure her to my ſervice: I have courted her beatific preſence, and in the midſt of my devotion, my deciſion has been the ſame.

"You look at the dark ſide of objects, Berenice; the time was, that when the luſtre of your eye was dimmed by ſorrow, you fled to Irene, who wiped it off, and by her chearful prattle gave dimpling joy its place:—but my influence is loſt; Titus and Colchis fill your heart.—Diſpel the ſombre ideas that darken the proſpect,

ſpect, and look forward to brighter ſcenes that illumine the perſpective.

" Titus loves you :—The people of Colchis are under the Roman government: Titus is their general ; the ſon of Veſpaſian their emperor : he will in time weild the ſceptre. Think what is, and what will be in his power, and then reflect what a ſtimulus his love for Berenice will be, to protect the city that was her natural right. By his exertions the calm of peace reigns in the city ; the ſorrows of thoſe whoſe friends have fallen, are ſoftened by kindneſs, and all the preſent anxiety is for the happineſs of Berenice.

" Let

" Let the firmneſs of your coudnct, my friend, convince them that you are not miſerable: they hope once again to ſee you reign over them. The paſſion that Titus feels for you is gone abroad; they revere their conqueror, and think he will, after he has gained for you the admiration of Veſpaſian and the Roman ſenate, obtain the reſtoration of the city. However weak ſuch a hope may be in your heart, it is now a comfort to their's, and you will leave them in expectation of your return, —and not unhappy.

" Had your ſoul been enthralled by a paſſion for a baſe object, whoſe only merit might have been an attractive exterior;— had you loved Aſtolphus, I ſhould have conſidered

conſidered you an apoſtate to virtue: But the object that fills your ſoul is worthy of the dwelling. He has now all the virtues of the hero, the magnificent qualities whoſe brilliancy ſtrikes and awes the multitude to venerate him: by an union with Berenice, he will catch thoſe graces of ſoul which give the ſtamp of perfection to mortality."

"My flattering friend, how dangerouſly inſinuating are thy pictures," ſaid Berenice; "how anxiouſly has my heart dwelt on thy words."

"I have given a plain unvarniſh'd picture of rational expectation; and in the circle of time, Berenice, I ſee you raiſed

to

to the empire, and like the animating orb of light, ſuſtaining, invigorating, and calling, as it were, into exiſtence all within your influence; and when that hour approaches, which overtakes the monarch as well as the vaſſal, and the lamp of life becomes extinct, I hear the lamentations of the multitude for their loſs, appeaſed only by the reflection, that Berenice is gone to the fruition of celeſtial joy, as a reward for the good ſhe did on earth. Theſe are the probable conſequences of your union with Titus.

" His ſoul is filled with you; he is recalled, and nominated to lead the legions into the north, and expected to perform deeds of valour worthy his paſt conduct:

Arreſt not his glory by keeping his happineſs in ſuſpence. Yield him the hope, that when his labours ceaſe, he may reſt on the boſom of peace and virtue, with Berenice.

"The gods, as a recompenſe for your virtue, have ſent you Titus:—Think ſo, Berenice:—hold faſt the principles that have hitherto regulated your conduct; and whether Queen of Colchis, reigning in peace; wife of Titus, ſurrounded with ſplendour; or Berenice, *once* a queen, but now deſerted by all but her virtues, you will yet, in the certainty of their poſſeſſion be happy."

"How

How is the perſon endeared to us—what a benevolent ſuavity is that which ſtrews the path we wiſh to tread with roſes. Love, friendſhip, competence, flowers of paradiſe as yet unfaded, are, to a young and well regulated mind, "all they can gueſs of heaven." Irene's picture ſeems to offer them to her friend's acceptance; wonder not, then, that a maid of twenty, though a fallen queen, looked forward for a moment, and thought to reſiſt her *deſtiny* vain.

While Berenice was ſilent, abſorbed in reflection, the voice of Alcander ſtruck on the ear of Irene: ſhe left the queen to her meditation.

The conduct that is marked by integrity of heart, admits of no variation of a once formed opinion, but the possible proof that it is ill-founded.

While Irene was absent, Berenice had viewed, with the eye of cool reflection, her situation: Passion had painted the perspective in all its glowing colours;—Reason now claimed the pencil, and with her temperate touches gave it the colouring of truth. She had for a moment indulged the soft, the enchanting prospect; and had not her mind been regulated by fixed principles, she would have lost that sweet consciousness of rectitude, which is a balm to all temporal anguish:—that undefinable union of material and immaterial nature,

that

that ſpontaneous ſenſe of right, which would ſo often guide, when paſſion would miſlead, and which, though rejected and rebuked, ſtill calls a bluſh into the cheek, if an idea ſophiſtically familiariſed to our own boſoms, is inadvertantly obtruded from the lips of another.

Berenice conſidered the Roman character, their jealous prejudices; ſhe ſaw the probability of their rejecting an alliance with a foreign princeſs, and trembled.

"The bluſh of ſhame," ſaid Berenice, "will colour my cheek, if in my perſon the dignity of my anceſtors ſhould be wounded. I conſider it my duty, as far

as my actions can influence, to preſerve their honour."

She reſolved, when the hero returned and renewed the ſubject, to point out the objections to their union, which roſe like an impaſſable mountain to the traveller, to oppoſe his wiſhes.

When Irene returned to the queen, ſhe found her in that calm ſtate of mind that ſucceeds the reſolves of reaſon. Berenice aſked for Fides; heard he was diſpoſed of to his ſatisfaction; and then Irene told her, that Alcander had been with her, requeſting ſhe would reſpectfully commend Titus to Berenice; and that he hoped the neceſſity of his early return to Rome

would

would excuſe the delay of his attendance on her; that he had arranged for her departure, and if any addition had been thought neceſſary ſince their interview, Alcander would convey it to him, that it might be accompliſhed; and that he would attend her in the morn.

This minute and reſpectful attention to a captive queen, entered deeply into the heart of Berenice.—There is no greater proof of a refined and ſincere attachment than reſpect: familiarity is no part of love; but when it is admitted between perſons attached, it weakens that charm which is the cement of virtuous affection.

The tide of tenderneſs now flowed rapidly in the heart of Berenice; and had Titus been preſent, the reſolves of the laſt hour might have been ſhaken, if not overcome—*he was not*—and Berenice lived to prove the ſtrength of reaſon in a female mind, and convey to poſterity the truth—that woman, put to the proof, can riſe to as ſublime a degree of virtuous ſelf denial as any hero in ancient or modern record.—*Conquer thyſelf* has long been acknowledged to be the greateſt victory of which human nature is capable.

The queen declared herſelf ready to depart at the will of Titus; and Alcander returned to the general.

The

The great concerns of his ſituation done, the hero retired, with his friend Alcander, to his dwelling, to diſpel the fatigues of the day, by that familiar ſoothing confidence which friendſhip delights in.

"Thy friend is changed," ſaid the hero, when they were alone; "his heart is purified; the groſſer particles are diſſipated, and his ſoul appears through the clear mirror of reflection, the unſpotted divine ſpark that was originally transferred into its mortal habitation. I look back on the paſt with regret. I have ever kept my ſtedfaſt glance on the promotion of public good; but I have omitted to cultivate virtue; to fit my mind for the ſilent hour of reflection, when popular applauſe

loſes

loſes its charm, and the man retires into himſelf to enjoy thoſe calm delights the ſoul loves to repoſe on, and which can only be found in the conſciouſneſs of perfect rectitude.

"The love Berenice has inſpired me with, has ſtripped the path that ſenſual paſſion drove me through of all its joys. The ſerpent remorſe ſtings my ſoul, Alcander, and I would give up the proſpect of worldly empire to recall thoſe hours, when for the gratification of a moment, I robbed innocence of its charms, and planted a thorn in the breaſt of parental affection. Of what importance to the moral character of man, is the firſt tender impreſſion of his youth; how inſenſibly,

bly, when not effaced by principle, the faint outline of youthful indiſcretion becomes filled up in our progreſs through life, with the bold colouring of vice; how favoured is that being, who before the man is degraded by licentiouſneſs, is called from the deſtructive path, by the ſoft voice of virtuous love.

"What delight did the noble candor of the queen impart, when ſhe ſaid, I could, were you not the enemy of Colchis, make you the arbiter of my fate—could love you, Titus.

"What melody in her voice; how diſtinct the ſenſation I felt from that, which the amorous dalliance of licentious beauty

beauty ever inſpired.—With what pleaſure ſhall I take her to Rome; lead her to the feet of Veſpaſian; hear him acknowledge her as his daughter, and with his power influence the ſenate to teſtify my happineſs:—its prejudices muſt yield to her reſplendant virtue and beauty."

"The ſocial intercourſe that from our earlieſt youth have exiſted between us," ſaid Aleander, "gives freedom to my ſpeech, and well thou knoweſt, Titus, that as ſoon as we had judgment to decide, we adopted the ſublime explanation of the Grecian ſage, that '*Friendſhip is Equality*;' and as thou haſt led me on through the path of glory to the honour I have attained, of being a Roman general, from a private

a private citizen, I have offered all the return in my power, by being thy moral monitor. The moment that is come I have had prescience of; the latent virtue of thy heart is called forth, and thou now feelest, that when I told thee the joys of sensuality debased the man, the delights of virtue exalted him, I was the monitor of truth."

"I am free to own it, my friend, and must reply to thee as Araspes did to Cyrus, to whom he had confided the honour of Panthea, a captive princess, but whose boasted virtue fell before her beauty."——

"Oh!

"O! Cyrus, it is manifeſt that I "have two ſouls: for if I had but one "ſoul, it could not be, at once both "good and evil; not a lover at the ſame "time of what is honeſt and diſhoneſt; "it could not at once deſire and be "averſe to the ſame thing. It is there- "fore moſt evident, that we have two "ſouls; and when the good ſoul has the "dominion we act right; but the re- "verſe when the evil ſoul predomi- "nates. This has hitherto been my "feelings.—I am now in a ſtate of men- "tal convaleſcence—virtuous love will "compleat my cure."

"Hope," ſaid Alcander, "ſeems to have decked the path with flowers, that leads

leads you to the arms of Berenice; but beware, my friend, of the thorns, that I fear will wound you in your paſſage.

"Titus, who ever ſet perſonal danger at naught, will poſſeſs the fortitude that blunts the edge of diſappointment. The Romans, thou knoweſt, are jealous of their honour, (as they term it) eveloped in national prejudices, and the diſtructive influence of prejudice on the human mind, daily experience makes evident; like the tendrous ivy round the oak, it deſtroys the liberal dictates of the ſoul.

"May my fears be ill founded; and may the virtuous reſolves of thy heart meet no impediment."

Titus

Titus heard his friend in silence; but his arguments pressed lightly on his mind, and when they seperated, were effaced by the bold pictures of hope.

How strenuously a vigorous mind protects its favourite hope; adverse circumstances may shock, disappointment may check it; but it resists opposition, and traverses the sphere of possibility to attain its purpose.

Every meeting between Titus and Berenice assisted to increase their attachment; and though the virtuous resolves of the queen cloathed her words in reserve, the tenderness of heart often glittered in her eye,

eye, and filled the ſoul of Titus with rapture.

His reſpect for the queen augmented as his paſſion became ardent; and he preſerved, during their journey to Rome, a conduct that made the reſtraint. Berenice kept her tenderneſs under a ſublime virtue. What greater inſtance of ſelf-denial can a young mind give than in checking the tender acknowledgement love urges, within the frigid dictates of prudential forethought; perhaps, none; but let the tender maid, whoſe fortitude may be tried, believe the monitreſs of experience, that the conſciouſneſs of ſo doing, will radiate her heart, with the never fading light of ſelf-approbation.

Filled with hope, glowing with love, and animated to accompliſh the expectations of Veſpaſian, and the ſenate, as a general, ready again to depart to encounter the dangers, difficulties, and hardſhips of war, Titus entered Rome. To Alexander he committed the queen, aſſured of his tenderneſs, and inſtantly repaired to Veſpaſian. He was received as a hero, a triumph granted him, his name reſounded through the ſenate, reverberated through the city; and had popular applauſe been the requiſite for mortal happineſs, that of Titus muſt have been compleat.

The tenderneſs of Veſpaſian, that gloried in his ſon, gave hope that this mo-

ment

ment of meeting would have been propitious for imparting his desire of an union with the captive queen: but when the the first tumult of parental tenderness ceased, the wishes of the senate were declared, that as soon as the military arrangements could be made, Titus should repair into the north, to quell a rebellion that had broken out there.

Some German tribes had, while Vespasian was before Alexandria, and Titus was lying at the siege of Jerusalem, revolted and entered into a state of rebellion; and as the Gauls in their neighbourhood joined them, they conspired together to attempt freeing themselves from the

Roman dominion. So that they did not allow Titus the leaſt ceſſation.

As ſoon as he had returned from the ſiege of Jeruſalem, he had been ſent againſt Colchis; and now he was to depart, and combat with men but one degree above barbarians.

The ambitious ſenate, whoſe inſatiate avarice, yielded not to natural feelings, would have thought the love of his country was weakened in his heart, by the faſcinations of beauty, had Titus at that moment urged his private wiſhes. He therefore mentioned the queen in terms of honourable reſpect, ſpoke of her virtues, but no more.

The

The marriage of Irene and Alcander, took place immediately after their arrival in Rome. The character of that general, had all thoſe amiabilities that are requiſite to man. His bravery had been tried, and proved ſterling!—but he did not poſſeſs that inſatiate ambition that deſtroys reſt. He had not been appointed on the northern expedition, and meant for a time to retire, with the leave of the ſenate, to a villa he poſſeſſed, in Eubea.

It was at the dwelling of Alcander Titus ſpent his few leiſure hours, enjoying thoſe delightful and chaſte ſenſations, which female beauty under the guidance of that attractive modeſty, which is its

lustre, imparts to minds of generous sensibility.

The hero here seized a moment to express his hopes of Berenice's love, and as the character of the hero unfolded to her view, her passion increased, and she confessed that he alone filled her heart.

"Titus," said the queen, "after this confidence, the honour of Berenice is dearer to her than her life, and in that is included the respect due to her, as the descendant of illustrious ancestors; and unless she is acknowledged by Vespasian, and the senate, as the wife of Titus, he must consider all claim on Berenice at an end.

"No

"No ambiguity muſt tarniſh the luſtre of my yet uncorrupted name; but if, without any conditions but thoſe of honour and truth, I can be the wife of Titus, I ſhall conſider myſelf the moſt favoured of beings.

"Go, Titus, fulfill the will of the ſenate, acquire more glory, adorn your name with ſuch acts of generous kindneſs as Colchis has received, whoſe preſent eaſe is the cordial that ſoothes the ſoul of Berenice to partial peace. Wait the auſpicious moment, to propoſe the union of Rome's hero with Berenice; and, if it ever arrives, take the faith of her (whoſe ſoul never felt diſguiſe) that you will be

the delight of her ſoul, as you are the *delight of* mankind.

"Meanwhile, with my faithful Irene, I will wait your return; and live on the tender aſſurances of your love and honour."

Titus heard Berenice with rapture; gave himſelf up to tenderneſs, and with all the ſoft eloquence of paſſion, tried to perſuade her to a private union: but her reſolution was invincible.

Titus well knew the prejudices of the ſenate, and that their objections to a foreign alliance were too ſtrong to yield to ought but ambition; he ſaw the criſis was approaching

approaching that would determine his fate. Love weakened ambition in his heart, and he reſolved to confeſs his wiſhes to the ſenate; and if they refuſed his requeſt, to reſign his claim to empire.

He did not confide his reſolve even to Alcander; but after he had made it, gave a looſe to the ſenſibilities of his heart; and enjoyed in idea the tender delights that a union with Berenice would give. He was ſoon to depart, it was neceſſary he ſhould poſſeſs a mind free from the ſolicitude of ſuſpenſe. He therefore in his next viſit to the queen, imparted his intentions; adding, if they refuſe to receive Berenice as an ornament to Rome, and the wife of Titus, "I reſign the

empire

empire that fate promiſes, and birth gives claim to."

"Titus," ſaid the queen, "this proof of diſintereſted attachment, makes ſweetly vibrate every cord of virtuous affection; for one moment I indulge the rapturous idea of being the *world* of Titus: the next, it paſſes away, and I become ſenſible that I owe more to his *honour* than my own *happineſs*; and that the only way left me, to prove I love him as he merits, is, to guard his deareſt poſſeſſion: but we will not anticipate."

Titus heard her with apparent complacency; but ſecretly hoped that her affection would triumph over every conſidera-

tion

tion, and she would be induced to think, that to give him up was more than her duty required.

Berenice saw hope animate his countenance: she did not try then to check it.—While the mind is suspended between hope and fear, the precepts of cool reasoning make feeble impression; but when *certain* disappointment arrives, they are seldom offered to sensible minds without producing a salutary effect: the cure is certain, if the remedy be judiciously administered.

Berenice thus thinking, said no more to check his expectations; but became more firmly resolved to resign her happiness to the honour of Titus, and the welfare of Rome;

Rome: for ſhe well judged, that by robbing them of ſuch an emperor, ſhe ſhould deprive them of the greateſt earthly bleſſing; and whatever cruelty unconquered nations might ſuffer, whilſt Titus was enjoying luxurious eaſe, would to her owe their miſery. She reſolved in ſecret, and endured her fears of impending woe in ſilence.

The beauty of the Queen of Colchis had become the ſubject of dicuſſion; and the known love of Titus for the ſex, and Berenice being his captive, had induced minds leſs generous than his, to conclude that her innocence had been ſacrificed;—and as envy, calumny, &c. &c. have exiſted time immemorial, they had given to Berenice

Berenice the depravity that *too* often follows the privation of that treaſure, more valuable than empires.—They conſidered her an artful female, whoſe wiles were influencing their idol to evil, and would ultimately lead him from glory, the refulgence of which reflected luſtre on the Republic; and to influence the minds of the people ſtill more, the ſenate ſent abroad reports, as injurious to the honour of Berenice, as inimical to truth.

The mind of Titus once fixed, the execution of its dictates was rapid:—He repaired to Veſpaſian; told his wiſhes, ſpoke of the queen with the firmneſs which truth gives, and declared his expectations of receiving Berenice with the conſent of the

the ſenate, as a reward for the conduct of a life ſpent in their ſervice, and which would then be at their command more than ever; and he concluded by ſaying, that if empire could only be obtained by the renunciation of real happineſs, "Titus would have none of it."

Veſpaſian was confounded and grieved. He adored his ſon;—to ſee him the deſerved idol of the Roman people was his ambition. At one view he now perceived that every great project for futurity was tottering.

"My ſon," ſaid he, "the Romans will never ſuffer a foreign princeſs to be the wife of Rome's future emperor; and thou

thou wilt never reconcile to thy great ſoul, a life of luxurious eaſe, whilſt Rome wants the vigour of thy arm, and the wiſdom of thy counſel. Will the ſon of Veſpaſian, the renowned Titus, whoſe valour conquers, whoſe mercy ſoothes, and whoſe generoſity rewards, ſee thouſands wanting his aid, calling to him as their ſaviour, remain blind to their wants, deaf to their cries!"

"They may ſtill have Titus," returned the hero, "and he will be their's with added vigour, if they will give up their prejudices; prejudices which *diſgrace* them, and *diſtreſs* me. I ſhall to-morrow publiſh to the people my intentions; in the mean time, I requeſt you will inform your confidential

fidential friend, that I mean to *wed Berenice*, the *captive queen*."—Saying this, he reſpectfully took his leave of Veſpaſian, whoſe peace was much wounded by the reſolves of the hero.

When Titus left Veſpaſian, he reviewed the ſituation in which he ſtood:—Love glowed in his heart—ambition for a time was inert; but the habit of a life, ſpent in endeavours to ſerve his country, it was difficult to overcome. He felt its intereſt ſtrong; but when the calm delights of virtuous love ſtruck on his imagination; when he ſaw himſelf the firſt object in the heart of Berenice, all faded—every wiſh ſeemed to gravitate to her—Rome for a moment was forgotten.

It

It has often been aſſerted, that the *love* of one's country excludes all other love; that it is an all-abſorbent, that claims the ſacrifice of every feeling to public utility: but, with ſubmiſſion, the promulgators of ſuch an opinion ſeem to have fallen into no uncommon error, which is, the not tracing actions up to their motives.

The love of one's country, and ambition, ſeem to be two diſtinct ſenſations, or principles.—The firſt is a virtuous exertion of mind, that would purchaſe the arcana of nature, ſeek out every latent principle of the human mind, in order more clearly to feel what would moſt conduce to virtue and conſequent happineſs: Is equally attentive to the great end in

view, in the cloſet, the forum, and the field, in its reſearches it regards the intereſt and happineſs of the peaſant, as well as the prince, or his noble.

It has that quick ſenſibility which vibrates, if the loweſt order of creation is oppreſſed: its principle is general good: it would willingly draw the magic circle of happineſs round man, according to the different ſituation in which Providence has placed him; conſidering each as capable of yielding it, if the mundane ſyſtem preſerved the order which was the deſign of its great artiſt.

The other, *Ambition*, is a turbulent, reſtleſs ſenſation, an all-abſorbent, which like

like a rapid torrent from a high impending rock, overturns, deſtroys, or carries with it, all that riſes to oppoſe its progreſs; diſſipates all private happineſs; ſacrifices every benevolent feeling of the heart to the ſordid pleaſure of attaining wealth and power; exciting terror in the timid, and gaining the acclamations of the ignorant, who, while they ſhout, perceive not, that the chain that confines them to poverty, is rivetted ſtill cloſer. But falſe denomination alters not the nature of things: the heart, filled with ambition, has no room for virtuous love; that inexpreſſible afficiency—that magic facination, which the union of female beauty and virtue gives.

The ambition that animated the ſoul of Titus was noble, pure—his heart was ſuſceptible of all the tender paſſions;—of love with all its ſenſations.—Let philoſophers explain the latent, and, it may be, extraordinary cauſe, why a hero, whoſe ſoul had ever thirſted for martial glory, and whoſe days had been ſpent far from the ſoft delights of life, ſhould feel a paſſion ſo pure, and which ſeemed to be connected with the virtuous *ambition* of his ſoul.

Love, ſays Lord Bacon, like death, ſooner or later, knocks at every man's door. To attempt to extinguiſh this bright ſpark of etherial fire, is to wage impious war with heaven,

The

The authority of a modern and learned philoſopher may plead for Titus; and the heroes of the preſent day will, perhaps, kindly conclude his time was come, and neither call him a mean ſpirited fellow, nor an apoſtate to the cauſe of ambition: "For who can reſiſt their deſtiny," is a favourite expreſſion, and ſerves to reconcile too many of us erring mortals to the commiſſion of what, that indefinable ſomething within us, and that ſeems to have been coeval with eternity, tells us is wrong.

It was fortunate for the then exiſting Romans, that Berenice had a ſoul capable of ſubduing every ſelfiſh idea, and looking forward to public good; or they

would have had to ſtruggle under the oppreſſion, which the imbecile and cruel Domitian inflicted on their poſterity.

During the abſence of the hero, Berenice collected the fortitude of her mind to meet diſappointment; and made a ſolemn engagement with herſelf, to ſacrifice, if called upon, her happineſs; and by the time he returned, her heart was filled with that warm enthuſiaſm which muſt ever precede a ſacrifice, and which has aſſiſted to lead ſo many martyrs to the ſtake;—it ſhone in her refulgent eye, and glowed in her cheek.

Titus, conſidering the animation of the countenance of the queen to proceed from her

her pleaſure at his return, again forgot Rome and her ſenate; and with the ardor of paſſion, endeavoured to lure Berenice to laugh at their prejudices, and be the *world of Titus.*

This requeſt repeated, he told the queen, that the Romans rejected her alliance.—The thought "touched the nerves where agonies are born:"—the enthuſiaſm was not yet cooled; ſhe aſſumed an appearance of eaſe; told Titus the pleaſure of ſeeing him was too lively to allow her cool reflection; that when alone, ſhe would revolve the ſubject in her mind, and he ſhould the next day know her determination; and if it did not appear to be what love and honour demanded, ſhe would be

ready to be convinced she was wrong.—Titus indulged in her society a short time; and when he was gone, Berenice requested the presence of her friends Irene and Alcander.

"It is evident, my kind friends," said Berenice, "that the Romans value the hero, who has assisted to gain them the admiration of the world, and make them the terror of their enemies, only as he is useful; they do not appreciate those latent virtues which are the springs of action, and which branch out and shield the empire.—They seem to consider him only as a machine, every motion of which is to be guided by a master-spring, and at their touch, and that only, its mechanism is to act.

"Though

"Though his beſt days have been ſpent in adding to their territories; though his valour have levelled the walls of Jeruſalem, and laid its city waſte; a city who ſat queen of the eaſt, and who, in the centre of beauty roſe pre-eminent, and whoſe overthrow has given to the Romans the empire of that favoured corner of the earth, where nature ſhines in all her ſplendor; and where ſo many heroes have manifeſted, that valour and wiſdom were the gift of the Gods to man, e're a Roman ſprung into exiſtence. They deny him Berenice, the only boon he demands for all his toils.

"O! Titus, humble in heart, as valiant in ſpirit! Why didſt thou ſin thy virtuous

tuous mind on a fallen queen? But it was that which attracted thy generous heart to her. Had ſhe ſtill ſat triumphant, thou wouldſt have paſſed on unaffected.

" Alcander, I underſtand the ſenate refuſes the requeſt of Titus; they reject with diſdain my alliance; by what law of nature do the Romans claim ſuperiority? If I were given to boaſt of the glory of anceſtry, of the race from which I ſprung, as great temporal luſtres beams on me, as on the proudeſt Roman. The Jonathans, the Davids, and the Solomons, from whom I am deſcended, have done as brave actions as the Romulus', the Numas, Pompilius', or the Cæſars; and the noble and rich ſpoils, which Titus took

in

in the temple of Jeruſalem, and where-with you adorn your triumphs, makes Rome but ſee too plainly the grandeur and magnificence of my fathers.

"If I were of a blood that was enemies to the republic, as formerly Sophoniſba, Aſdubral's daughter, was, I ſhould ſay they had reaſon to fear, that after having conquered the generous Titus, I would make my victim fatal to the ſenate; and finally urge him to actions contrary to their authority.

"They know the anceſtry of the queen of Colchis, but they do not know *her*, or they would now acknowledge, as ſhe will oblige them to hereafter, that ſhe is incapable

incapable of receiving happineſs at the expence of the honour of him ſhe *loves*. That in ſacrificing the wiſhes of her heart, her views pierce into futurity, and cheriſhes the happineſs of the yet unborn, who will feel the influence of the virtues of Titus.

"O! Alcander, when I ſee myſelf thus diſdained, thus unworthily treated—my mind will revert to early recollections; and there I view the ſecond Agrippa, my brother, who received a crown from Veſpaſian, and by his death teſtified his gratitude; for even in the ſight of Titus he loſt his life; having a deſire to oblige the inhabitants of Gamalia to ſubmit themſelves to acknowledge Veſpaſian's authority.

authority. Why do they ſuppoſe me an apoſtate to the virtues of my anceſtors? What prevents me from accepting the offered hand of Titus, but the integrity they diſdain to aſſociate with?

"Alcander, thy friend has offered to reſign empire for his captive! Perhaps it degrades him in thy eyes; but let it not; it was a momentary weakneſs, to which mortal man is ſubject. It is paſſed away e're this, as the clouds of the morn, and and thou wilt again ſee thy friend in his meridian ſplendour!

"All I yet know of the ſenate's will, I gathered from the ſolicitations of Titus for a private union. I did not aſk an explanation

plantation of their designs, fearing an impulse of resentment might urge me to say what would stimulate Titus, to determined opposition. He has therefore left me in ignorance of a sacred vow, I've made never to be *his*, but with the free consent of the senate.

"To thee then I apply, Alcander, for intelligence of their will.—Disguise nothing, it will be no act of friendship; but first let me intercede thee, and my dear Irene, to grant me an asylum, as far from Rome as thy possessions will allow. Too well your countenances tells my fate—Berenice would reply."

Alcander

Alexander had a heart that refuſed to tremble at the daggers point; but it ached at the woes of virtue. He had heard the reſolves of the ſenate, and the murmurs of the people, and had feared they would burſt into loud diſcontent. He had not imparted it, even to Irene; but now, called upon, and witneſſing the firm fortitude of the queen, he decided, to withhold the truth would be criminal.

The propoſal had been made in full aſſembly, and been rejected with diſdain. The Roman people, who conſidered every nation as barbarous but their own, would not liſten to ſuch an alliance, and they felt no reluctance to ſacrifice the happineſs of Titus and Berenice, to their pride, and

their

their prejudices. And had they ſtopped there, we might have lamented their error, without accuſing them of the moſt determined inhumanity. Not ſatisfied with cruſhing every hope of happineſs, to wound her ſtill deeper, they baniſhed her; and to inflame the minds of the people, in order to ſanction their decree, they declared ſhe had conſpired to overthrow the empire; and as there is nothing too abſurd for prejudice to credit, if it favours its virtues, the Roman people declared, there was not a corner of the known world far enough from Rome to exile her to.

Titus heard the declaration of the ſenate with ſilent diſdain—wrapt his cloak around

around him, threw a look of contempt on the members, and left the senate house.

Alcander, with all the tenderness of friendly language, imparted what has been related to the queen, omitting the sentence of banishment; considering, that as soon as the senate knew her resolves of refusing a union with Titus, without their concurrence, they would recall that sentence, and allow her to retire in peace.

Berenice heard the relation with calmness. She knew that loud lamentation was useless, and that those who indulged in it, exhausted the energy, that if properly directed, would assist them to endure, without sinking, the evil they had to

hear; and that fortitude, under the preſſure of misfortune, had claim to reſpect.

"Reaſoning is vain," ſaid Berenice, "mind is free; the fettered ſlave enjoys the privilege; they love and hate what ſeems good to them, their will is free, and ſo is mine. Reſtrain thy tears, my dear Irene, and believe in thy happineſs I rejoice, and thank the Gods for granting me ſuch a ſource; and that I have preſerved an unpolluted mind. I cannot ſee thy ſorrows, I cannot hear thy wailings, they weaken a mind that has occaſion for all its firmneſs. Alcander, I muſt never more meet Titus.

See

"See him, Alcander, and tell him my *heart* is not firm enough for a perfonal adieu; but my mind is ſtrong, and its reſolves immoveable, thou knoweſt them, my friend. I will write my farewell, which thou wilt bear to him."

Berenice preſſed the hand of her friend, and retiring wrote thus to Titus.

"MOST NOBLE TITUS.

"Adverſity is the touchſtone of virtue; it ſheds new luſtre o'er the virtues of the great; their perfection is not known till they have given an example of patience and fortitude. I know you will think it a misfortune to give up Berenice; but it muſt be. We meet no

more. A duty remains for me to perform, to prove myself a worthy descendant of my ancestors. Titus respects, as well as loves me; he will not wish to degrade me; he will therefore help me to support this moment; he will animate me by his fortitude, and we shall leave a glorious example to posterity, by sacrificing the most exquisite mortal happiness to the peace of others.

"Disappointment has overtaken *Titus*; his life has hitherto been marked by constant success; to desire, has been to obtain; to attempt conquest, has been to acquire it. He will not meanly sink under the first check, and more especially when

when his ſuffering will keep peace in his country.

"This is the difference between valour, in battle, and courage in life. You were not diſmayed when ſurrounded at the ſiege of Jeruſulem, and death was within the ſpear's length of you; you will not ſink under private ſorrow.—This is what has often diſhonoured thoſe who have performed the greateſt actions; having ſhown themſelves to be heroes in war, they ſhow themſelves to be the loweſt of mankind in common occurrences, wherein others have ſupported themſelves with vigour. Hence many are led to ſay, that bravery in battle is merely mechanical.

cal. Titus will not confirm the opinion, and lose the glory of his paſt valour.

"You have often ſaid, that to obey me would be the future joy of your life; you were aſſured I would demand nothing but honour might accede to.—I now call upon you to prove *your* ſincerity, as *I*, will confirm your opinion.

"I will not have you oppoſe the emperor; I will not have you acquire the ſenate's hatred; I will not have you irritate the people againſt you; I will not have you endeavour to make the army rebel; I will not have you refuſe the fair one, who I learn is appointed for you:

you; and finally, I will not have you loſe the empire for the love of me. Then Rome will know, that as your love to me had nothing unjuſt in it, ſo I have inſpired you with nothing but rational thoughts.

"Let us each look on our paſt hopes as a pleaſant dream, that vaniſhed with the firſt rays of the morn.

"Be comforted, Titus, I have happineſs in ſtore; my friends, Irene and Alcander, will give me their protection; and though diſtant, as there is no ſpot of earth, however remote, but the virtues of Titus will reach, I ſhall have the joy of liſtening

liſtening to his praiſes. It will ſoothe my ſorrows; for true it is, Titus, thou art worthy my regrets.

"Adieu, moſt noble, moſt virtuous Lord, I ſhall depart with ſome pleaſure, in ſpite of my woes, and ſhall be ſo far from making imprecations againſt my enemies, that I ſhall make vows for their fidelity, as I ſhall do for your preſervation.

"May you, O, Titus, gain as many victories as you give battles, ſtill uniting mercy with conqueſt.

"May

"May you reign o'er your people with as much power as clemency, and as the tendereſt inſtance you can give of your attachment to me, protect Colchis; and one day may you be called by the conſent of *all* nations—the love and delight of mankind."

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